Volume LXXII CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 27, 1913 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Faith That Makes Faithful

by

WILLIAM C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES

First Published in 1886.
Now in its 35th Thousand.
Still going.

Single Copies, in Cloth, 75c

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Abraham Lincoln Centre
CHICAGO

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 195
Allen G. Jennings 197

THE PULPIT—
Reinforcements.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 198

POETRY—
The Keokuk Dam.—ALTHEA A. OGDEN 195
A Farmer's Thanksgiving.—*Berton Braley* 203

CONTRIBUTED—
The Attainment of Truth.—JAMES G. TOWNSEND .. 198

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*Thomas à Kempis* 204
The Thankful Spirit.—*John Clair Minot* 204
The Panama Canal.—*Boys' Life* 204
The "Air" and "Atmosphere" That Make a Home. 204

THE FIELD—
First Unitarian Missionary Conference, in Boston.—C. W. WENDTE, D. D 205
Hospitals for Small Towns 206
A Universal Creed.—*Curtis Williford Reese, D.D.* 207

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth Street
CHICAGO

FOR **Ice Cream**
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

Milwaukee - Downer College
Milwaukee-Downer Seminary
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
College Courses lead to Bachelors' Degrees. Home Economics Courses for teachers. Seminary admits to Eastern and Western Colleges. Music, directed by Emil Liebling; diploma. Art, Elocution, Gymnastics and Athletics. Combines advantages of city and country.
MISS ELLEN C. SABIN, President

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Drexel State Bank
Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.
A convenient bank for South Side Residents, where your account will be appreciated whether large or small.
Savings accounts can be opened with one dollar or more, on which three per cent interest is paid.
This bank is open Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 in addition to the regular banking hours.
RESOURCES OVER $3,000,000.00
Oldest and largest bank in this section of the South Side.
Your Account Invited

THE **Keeley Treatment**
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

ORIENTAL RUGS CLEANED
BY
Schumann & Co.
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.
PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
Fred Welberry—Robt. H. Ramm
Oysters Are in Season
GROCERIES, MEATS AND VEGETABLES
We Dress All Our Own Poultry
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Telephone, Drexel 115 Telephone, Auto 73-096
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913. NUMBER 13.

THE KEOKUK DAM

Cried the mighty river, rushing to the sea:—
"Help, O Man, to utilize the power that lies in me!"

Man, the clever-minded, studied with his might,—
And lo! a hundred cities turned the darkness into light!

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Provision has been made by the Government to plant two million trees in the National Forests of Montana and northern Idaho during the present fiscal year. One-half of this number have been already set out this fall, the remainder will be put in the next spring. We hope that the Government functionaries whose business it is to plant ideas, are as diligent, and that the government will be as generous in the support of this higher forestry. The as necessary, and more profitable gardening, in the soul fields.

A. D. Cutler, Police Commissioner in San Francisco for 1907-8-9, is a Lexington, Mass., man, and he writes to his home paper, which carries the apt title of *"Minute Man"*:

"While the Police Commissioner in San Francisco it was my custom to examine the records in the City Prison frequently, showing all the crimes and other particulars attending arrests numbering about 200 daily, and my conclusion was that fully ninety per cent were due, directly or indirectly, to the use of liquors. Again, all saloons in San Francisco were closed for thirty days following the great fire in April, 1906, the result being that there was so little police duty necessary in spite of the great confusion growing out of the fire, that one-half the police force were given vacations for periods of from ten to thirty days. When the saloons were again opened the officers on vacation were recalled as it was deemed necessary to place the entire force on duty because of the increased crime and disorder."

And still there are multitudes of business men and a few well meaning women who say "not yet, not yet, the time has not come to bring the issue to the foreground! The battle against the saloon is a political question in which the progressive and sagacious voter should not be involved!"

Harry H. Mayer, Rabbi of Kansas City, Mo., has put into neat pamphlet form a learned and dispassionate discussion of "The Truth About the Russian Government and the Beiless Ritual Trial." It would seem that here in America and in the English language such a pamphlet is love's labor lost, for we have yet to learn of any man or woman, lay or cleric, Christian or non-Christian, believer or unbeliever, who credits the atrocious story. We would fain believe that nowhere in Europe, outside of Russia, does anti-Semitism reach such height of absurdity and ignorant superstition as to believe that the religion in which the traditions of Moses and the message of the prophets have always and everywhere been the central inspiration, should demand the blood of a human being for ritualistic purposes. Theologically speaking, this charge might be laid with more scholastic justification at the door of the Christian rather than the Jewish religion, for there is something gory in the crass literal form, of the theory of a divine vengeance appeased by the blood of the innocent, on Calvary. This pamphlet of Dr. Mayer is a learned contribution to the literature of this distressing primal barbarity that takes shelter behind the "Christian" name and the crown worn by the Czar-of-all-the-Russias.

Lucia Ames Mead in *Zion's Herald,* Boston, counts up the "four main issues which now confront the government on which the eyes of all who honor justice should be focused." 1. The renewal of the arbitration treaty with Great Britain which expired in June. She says: "If this treaty is not renewed with the opening of the winter session of Congress, it will be a matter of public disgrace." 2. The arbitration of the canal tolls issue: "We have already as a nation lost esteem and respect in more than one country by our hesitancy in arbitrating a large question like this which in nowise affects our honor or vital interest." 3. The preparation of a programme for a third Hague Conference. Thus far no adequate attention has been given to the matter. The United States should take the initiative. 4. The one-battleship programme. For two years the democrats have proposed this programme. The navy league has been much alarmed, and the naval forces have been laboring for the past six months to secure a three or four-battleship programme this winter. At this moment when Winston Churchill's proposition to Germany for a naval holiday for a year commands the attention of the world, it would be the grossest blunder for the greatest country in the world to increase its preparations for a rivalry in arms.

Mrs. Mead concludes the forceful article which we have condensed, with the earnest appeal:

Let it be remembered that all that is to be achieved must be accomplished by five hundred and thirty-one men in Congress, and by our Chief Executive and State Department. Upon these men lies a heavy responsibility, and these servants of the people should hear from their masters in no uncertain tones as regards these matters of national honor, justice and peace.

Once more the gruesome enthusiasm of the football followers and shouters has come to its annual close and the University of Chicago has covered itself with glory, and the cartoonists are busy in outlining the brawny victors with stuffed game-bags and belts of dangling scalps, while all the other members of the Western League are in humiliation. Two noisy special trains, each estimated to carry a thousand hilarious boys and girls, came from Wisconsin last Saturday. They returned Sunday afternoon, the weighted, subdued, silent, and let us hope, resigned passengers, finding their consolation in the comforting words of Holy Writ, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." The game was attended, it was said, by over twenty thousand people, every seat in the newly christened "Stagg Field" was occupied, and it was pronounced by one of the ladies present as being quite void of horrors. Only *one* man had to be helped off the field, though there were several accidents and men retired, and the corps of physicians was kept busy. Of course it was "a great day for athletics!" but the exercise of brawn on Saturday last in Chicago was confined perhaps to half a hundred young men. The exercise of the remaining twenty thousand and more, was the exercise of lungs on exposed bleechers. Of course the hero of the University of Chicago Campus is none other than Stagg, whose power, influence and fame already dominates that of president, professors, instructors or chaplain. If it were in the Middle Ages it would soon be "Saint" Stagg. In the opinion of at least one aspirant for ministerial service in religion, he exercises a greater influence for good over the young men of the University than any other man on the faculty. Frankly, what does this signify? Where does this carnival of muscle, this triumph of the flesh,—brain directed, of course,—land us? The Gladiatorial Shows of Rome, the chivalric tournaments and tilts of the Middle Ages, Spanish bull-fights, prize fighting in the modern amusement ring, horse racing, fox baiting, etc., etc., and shall we say, college foot-ball! We do not know how to classify this wildly exciting game, we are not competent to judge, but we are old fogy enough to rejoice that this mania, in its most acute form, and most expensive manifestation, is confined to college circles, which after all only represent a small portion of the intellectual life, moral earnestness and spiritual sensibilities of the world.

The line which once seemed to be so definite and intelligible between the orthodox and the liberal churches is daily growing more obscure and uncertain. The Mt. Morris Baptist Church of New York City issues a six-page folder teeming with constructive work. In a study of its leaves one wonders where the boundaries of the liberal churches are. Here is a thirty-lecture course on "Christian Unity," the most elaborate layout on the subject that we have yet noticed, and the breadth of it is as gratifying as the length, and judging by topics and speakers the depth will be equally gratifying. Surely here is a liberal movement in three dimensions. The program is headed by a most progressive note from the Right Rev. Bishop Anderson of Chicago, who says: "The realities of religion are its affirmations, not its protests and its negations." Education, social righteousness, and unity, he considers the three great problems to be worked out amongst Christian peoule, and he believes that the first two await the third. Two introductory lectures are to be given, one by the progressive Bishop Williams of Michigan, and the other, the wise Dr. Faunce, President of Brown University. Then follows twenty-eight Sunday lectures under the general head of "The Common Denominator," and among the lecturers we find William Sullivan, the Unitarian, who is to speak on "Trinitarianism and Unitarianism"; Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the Jew, who is to speak upon a philosophic basis on "The Universal Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man," corroborating the teachings of all great religions; John H. Holmes, the Unitarian, follows a Congregationalist and precedes a Prsebyterian in an address on "The Liberals"; and Alfred W. Martin, Associate Leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, closes the lecture course with "World Unity in Religion."

Paralleling this course is a series of forty talks on eugenics given under the auspices of the Young Men's Class in Social Ethics; the announcement contains a stimulating and comprehensive reading list. The Sunday School also has a class in applied Christianity for the study of economic, social and religious conditions existing today, with a purpose to apply results of the study. And this is a Baptist church, and the name of its pastor, J. H. Randall, does not appear in the ministerial list of "liberal" denominations. Surely there is something confusing in the terminology of the churches in these days.

Reformation through "clubs" is the American social insanity that threatens to minimize the individual soul, and to rob progress of independent action and personal initiative. There is not a week that passes but what brings to our table a half dozen or more invitations to "join," or solicitation to "co-operate," with some brand-new club designed to usher in the kingdom of peace and justice. Everything from the cleaning of a back alley to the redemption of a poor, hunted Magdalene, nowadays, seems to demand the organization of a special club for the purpose. This is the superstition of the modern woman, who forgets that in the multiplicity of clubs "joined," there is only one woman back of them, one life to be devoted, one brain and heart to be invested. Who will

free society from this liturgical tyranny in secular life; this burden of the educated, this paralyzing waste of woman's life on the boulevard and the avenue? Here is perhaps the direst need for the conservation of nature's resources, and the application of "scientific management" at the fountain-head of the sources of power. The most ancient, universal, and historically efficient human compacts, outside of home, are those of religion. The organizations, under many forms and names, inspired by religion, dignified by worship, democratized by its appeal to men and women, old and young, rich and poor, represent the most efficient voluntary combinations for spiritual elevation and moral advancement. They have done and are doing more the best work in this direction despite the lamentable withdrawal out of active co-operation with them of hundreds of thousands of the modern and up-to-date women. Much red blood has been drawn from the veins of the churches hoping to give fidelity and life to the hurry-up-clubs of culture and reform that are still leading a feverish and uncertain life. The interesting but short period of the infantile enthusiasm of many of these "clubs" is soon followed by "pernicious anæmia," which leads to an untimely death and an unmarked grave. The churches are inadequately managed, too conservative in temper, bigoted in spirit, but they are still the permanent rallying point of the most permanent forces in the redemption of the world. If the energy, intelligence and moral purpose spent in trying to find a substitute for the church was used in bringing the church down to date, and using the mighty potencies derived from the past and augmented by the present, the world would be the better for it. The demand today for "efficiency" is the cry of conservation. This "cry" calls "back to the churches!" There is no substitute for religion, and religion turns its face now as always forward. It wears a smiling countenance, and has a hospitable hand, which the thinker and moralist in the last analysis gladly recognizes.

Allen G. Jennings

He was born on a farm a little over seventy years ago, at Stratford, Fulton County, New York, and disciplined by a farm boy's life. He was a school teacher at seventeen, earning the money to pay academic bills. He enlisted in the war for the Union at nineteen and knew the vicissitudes and dangers of the Eastern Army to the end of the conflict. Then came a year more at the Seminary at Cazanovia, three years as student at the Meadville Theological School, eleven years faithful ministry of the old Second Church in South Hingham, a church built in 1743. Nine years of the eleven he was superintendent of the Hingham Public Schools, following the commendable traditions of Puritan New England, which closely tied the ministerial office to the schoolroom. Subsequently for two years he was treasurer of the Collgrove Book Company in Chicago which came into being through the activity and for the support of UNITY. Then followed fifteen years pastorate of the First Unitarian Church at Toledo, Ohio, and the past nine years at the head of the Adams Street Mission of that city.

This, in brief, is the outline of the life of a gentle, wise, diligent man, but the outline must be woven deftly into the unwritten and undiscoverable story of a chivalric husband, a tender father, a kind neighbor, and a patriotic and loyal citizen. This beautiful untold tale was still growing in a life vigorous, active and diligent, until the fatal conjunction that caught the familiar and loved form in the cogs of the mighty wheels of a modern city. Let the newspaper line suffice: "Struck by an automobile on Virginia Street on Monday afternoon, November 17th!"

The present writer was a school-mate of Mr. Jennings at Meadville and the cordial fellowship which grew through three years of class room association, continued through the busy years that followed. He left his post in the East to share with the Senior Editor the problems and fortunes of UNITY, and from that stepping-stone he went into a higher and broader field as minister of religion in the West. Mr. Jennings was a careful, diligent man, with an aptitude for business, but the call of religion that came to him in his youth, remained a dominant note in his life. He was born and trained to service. His was a ministry given to ministration, and this abrupt and tragic ending carries to unnumbered souls, as it does to the writer, a sense of personal bereavement. His was a gentle soul, shrinking, unostentatious, moved by a free mind; an earnest student of his country's needs and his city's woes.

At Meadville, Mr. Jennings was the poet of his class. In those boyish days his associates predicted for him a growing place in the rank of the poets, but his gifts became too executive. He converted his dreams into deeds rather than into verses. Those who knew him best will think of him as the kindly man, with a smile ever passing over a face beautifully benignant. A wife and seven children enhanced his home and blessed his life. It is such a family as becomes the home of a minister of religion,—students, college graduates or college seekers, lovers of thought, ready to justify life by their own deeds.

UNITY extends its tenderest sympathy to the bereaved, and whatever UNITY may have accomplished in and for the world, it owes an unmeasured debt to this man, who came to its rescue at a critical time and helped it over a hard place.

The world is a sweeter place to live in because

Allen G. Jennings was born into it and enriched it by seventy years of blameless life, made noteworthy by modest service.

The Attainment of Truth

There is but one way to find the golden grains of truth, and that is by search, by toil, by sifting the sands on every shore of life's experience—in other words, by the painstaking method of science, philosophy and history.

There are many kinds of truth—scientific, literary, historical, artistic, religious. Cosmogony, for example, is truth or knowledge about the constitution of the world. Theology is truth or knowledge about the existence and nature of God. And if there be any knowledge of the formation of the world and of the existence and nature of God (and there is no reason *a priori* why there should not be), that knowledge must be arrived at by the one method of science, philosophy and history, the results of which can be communicated and criticised, and are subject to constant revision and rectification as experience widens its horizon.

But many religious teachers are incensed at this view. They assert that religious truth is not, and cannot be attained by the method of experience, or science. They know, they say, of the Soul and its destiny and of the existence and nature of God through intuition, through visions, through personal revelations and direct communication.

But if this were true would there not come to religious men, in all lands, the same communication? Would there not be among them some agreement instead of the confusion and contradiction we everywhere find?

And, it appears to me, to make religion an instrument for the communication of positive knowledge takes away from its real pre-eminence, and is a diversion from and a derogation of its high function. True religion is the sunshine of the soul, it is aspiration, the passion for the perfect. It is a flash from that central fire of love, intelligence and beauty which is "burning at the heart of the world." Religion impels us to love and seek the true, the beautiful and the good, but it does not tell us what they are. That is the function of the intellect.

Religion inspired, in the two great ages of European art, the Greek and the Italian, the great artists to create the most beautiful statues and pictures, but it did not give them any technical knowledge of their art. Religion impelled Columbus to cross the lonely sea to find a new world, but it did not reveal where America was. Religion thrilled the soul of Gallieo as he gazed upon the distant heavens, but it did not show to him the hands upon the great clock of the skies, one of which was the moving earth.

And the sooner we recognize that it is not the function of religion to reveal truth, or knowledge about the soul, the destiny of man, or the existence of any being, but that this knowledge can only come through indefatigable toil, persistent search and study, both religion and science will take a long step forward.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE PULPIT

REINFORCEMENTS
Or Fresh Sources of Energy

An "After-Vacation Sermon"

Delivered at
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
September 28, 1913

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE L. KELLY.

Prayer

We, Thy children, Father, would recognize Thee this morning in one another's faces. Infinite Love, we would touch Thy hand in the hands of our comrades here assembled.

O, Thou Eternal Source of Life, we would feel the thrill of Thy creative will stirring us this morning with infinite desires, and unspeakable longings.

We thank Thee for the unquenchable thirst that stirs our hearts, for the unsatisfied purposes, the beckoning hands that call us to things higher and things nobler.

Father, Thou hast beset us before and behind with great possibilities, with high opportunities, with uncatalogued privileges,—help us to feel the inspirations in all these. We realize at times the tiding Past that is behind us, but forbid that we should look back, forbid, O Thou God of the Diligent, that we should long for rest and quiet. Turn our eyes rather to the future. Lead us to further warfare in the interest of peace and love. Bless us, Father, by making us message-bearers to needy ones, to those naked of body and hungry in heart, to those vacant in mind and weak in will. Help us to strengthen weak knees.

Help us, O Father, to become better citizens of this great city, more worthy members of this great Nation of ours, more conscious communicants in the great universal church of love, the confessors of which are the saints and sages of the ages, the prophets of all Nations, all sects and creeds. Within the ample walls of Thy Providence may we gather around the holy table of the Father of us all, partaking of that communion that is service, love and trust. Amen.

Sermon

He that overcometh shall inherit these things.
Revelation, XXI:7.

Twenty-two years ago I brought to you an after-vacation sermon from the river that flows around the foot of Tower Hill. At that time I tried to interpret the Wisconsin River in terms of cosmic peace and power. All that summer the river preached to me of the super-, the extra-human energies of the world. It brought to me a widening sense of comradeship, a fellowship of man with every budding, blooming, growing thing; every creeping, flying, swimming, walking animal.

The message of the Wisconsin River, which I brought to you twenty-two years ago, I hope some of you will try to recall by reading the sermon, which you will find in the book entitled "Jess, or Bits of Wayside Gospel."

The message that I received from the river twenty-two years ago was one of trust, of peace and hope.

Now, I want to speak to you of the Wisconsin River that is harnessed, that, to a degree, has been tamed, has lent itself to the service of man, in fulfillment of the prophecy that the old poet made through the poem which I read to you this morning, found in what we call the "Book of Revelation."

"He that overcometh shall inherit these things."

Those of you who have indulged, to any degree, the vacation habit of visiting favorite resorts within reach of Chicago, know The Dells in Wisconsin. An easy trip lands you amid delightful scenic surroundings, in a place where the old river has torn its way through the sandy cliffs of the upper bluffs, and carved those sandstone formations into fantastic forms. There you find the "Navy Yard," the "Jug," the "Devil's Wash Bowl" and all those other fantastic manifestations of natural scenery which the human mind with a sort of depraved imagination, interprets in terms of grotesqueness, and oftentimes in terms of coarseness. There is scarcely any attractive scenery in the United States but what has some spot dedicated to the devil, or to the Indian maiden who leaped from the cliff in escaping from her white persecutor; such folk lore gathers around the beautiful and imposing in nature.

But the river at The Dells has been harnessed, and the sentimental tourist is shocked to think that that "bit of beauty" should have been desecrated by the economic hand of man. That raging torrent has been curbed, held in leash, and released at the will of man, to the service of man; and for the last five years, perhaps, the water power at Kilbourn has run the street cars and lit the streets of Milwaukee a hundred miles away.

So successful was this harnessing, so profitable was this investment of modern engineering skill, that men searched and found another place where the high banks of the Wisconsin came within fifteen hundred feet of one another, offering a challenge to modern engineering. Thirty miles below Kilbourn, just above Prairie du Sac, another mighty engineering undertaking is in process, which will result in another leashing of the waters, another harnessing of the Wisconsin, thus nearly doubling the potency of the Kilbourn dam. The possibilities of the Kilbourn dam are put, in technical terms, at 15,000 horse power per minute. The promise of the Prairie du Sac dam is 30,000 horse power per minute.

During my vacation I visited the works at Prairie du Sac, and, even within the range of my ignorance, noted how all the modern sciences are meeting at that point, in order that the Wisconsin River may be bridled and saddled and henceforth, there at least, driven by the will of man.

Oh, it is a mighty undertaking, humanly speaking, particularly to us, the uninitiated. Nearly three hundred men are at work there. In order to get ready for the work a one mile extension of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road had to be built. A narrow-gauge trolley line had to be constructed across the river on an improvised bridge. The work of construction has been in progress since 1910, and they hope to have it finished some time late in 1914.

Here weak man is engaged in a mighty battle with the forces of Nature. The figures which I give you have been kindly furnished me by Mr. R. J. Walters, who is the resident engineer on the job. These facts, —the mere hard figures of the contractors,—have in them not only the material for poetry, but ample material for the pulpit and profound suggestions for the moralist.

That river, which the imbecilities of politics saturated with corruption, has dabbled with for over fifty years to my knowledge, trying to make it a "waterway," has at last come under the more masterful hand of modern engineering. When completed it will represent a mighty concentration of energy.

The engineer tells me:—23,000 round piles have been driven for the foundation of its power house; the completed structure will represent 75,000 cubic yards of concrete, 2,500 tons of steel sheeting, 1,300 tons of steel re-inforcement, 10,000 round piles, 50,000 yards of sand excavation, 50,000 cubic yards of earth filling, 20,000 yards of rock filling, 1,200,000 brick, 1,000 tons of structural steel.

But all these figures pale in magnitude compared to that still greater triumph of man, the harnessing of what heretofore has been recognized as an uncontrolled force of Nature. The very day I was over at Prairie du Sac witnessing the progress on that great undertaking, the Nation was somewhat stirred, but inadequately interested, in the dedication of that monster triumph at Keokuk, where the harnessing of the Mississippi River represents an accumulation of power eight times as great as the dams of Kilbourn and the Prairie du Sac combined. The figures and facts concerning this Keokuk dam are set forth elaborately and officially in a pamphlet, compiled by the authorities. Here we have a concrete monolith two and a half miles long, representing a power house 1,718 feet by 132, and 177 feet 6 inches high.

As a by-product of this harnessing the company is able to turn over to the United States Government locks and canals, and a massive dry dock, complete. The materials necessary to build the coffer dam as a preliminary of the construction involved 206 carloads of lumber, 300,000 cubic yards of sand. Thirty turbine wheels, which weighed 100,000 pounds each, were put in; they had to be cut into quarters before a car could be constructed sufficiently strong and ample to transport them to their resting place.

I want to stay as long as I can close to the material side of these great triumphs of man, and if I mar the perspective of my sermon time, you are not the listeners I take you to be if you do not promptly for yourselves complete this sermon when you get home.

I would help you to appreciate how far in this direction the modern man has a claim to the promise of the old poet of the Book of Revelation. By his persistency and power, he has overcome these rivers. The great achievements, at Keokuk and at Prairie du Sac, are not visible even to the intelligent observer. The conquest at Prairie du Sac was achieved here, on the upper floors of some Chicago skyscraper, where the contractor's engineers and mathematicians were at work. The hardest tasks, the mountainous obstacles, had been overcome before the men were on the ground. The blue prints represent the greater triumph; when you arrive at the blue print period, then it is simply a matter of diligence, a matter of obeying orders, a matter of the assembling of material and paying bills. The great triumphs of man represented at Prairie du Sac and Keokuk, are primarily triumphs of mind, achievements of the laboratory and the study, they are academic conquests. Let us hold hard to that.

This book is written for popular use. I bring to the reading of it a fair degree of intelligent ignorance, yet find two-thirds of the contents worse than Sanscrit to me. Listen, here is something given for the information of the public:—

"These generators are designed for high internal re-

actance, limiting the instanteous short circuit current to five times the normal value. At the same time they have an inherent regulation, or rise in voltage, when the load is thrown off, of 13 per cent at 9,000 KW O. P. F. and 23 per cent at 9,000 KVA .8 P. F. They are guaranteed to carry a load of 9,000 KVA at .8 P. F. continuously, with a temperature rise not exceeding 50 degrees centigrade in any part, the temperature of the windings being determined by rise in resistance, also for the armature coils by temperature measuring coils placed between the upper and lower coil in the slot. The generators are designed to withstand a maximum runaway speed of twice normal."

Don't you like that reading? Isn't it interesting? It is worse than Choctaw. The compiler of this pamphlet, very considerately,—in another connection when the problem was a little harder,—closes by saying: "Electricians will understand that, and others may omit trying to understand it." Well, I had to give up long before I came to the kind advice. But it is interesting to be beaten by the triumphs of mind. Mind! Mind! Ever more mind! Paracelsus' final plea to the Eternal as interpreted by Browning, was,

"Save me my mind, O God. Help me to retain my mind."

The power to think, is the most palpable suggestion of Divinity available to man.

But let me hint at the mighty economic significance of this triumph of mind over the rivers.

Saint Louis, one hundred and forty miles from Keokuk, has contracted for 60,000 horse power for ninety-nine years. Quincy, Burlington, and other towns within range, are reaching after the remaining power; the entire horse power is already spoken for.

It has been estimated that the rivers of Wisconsin are adequate to the lighting and heating of the whole State through its rigorous winters and its darkest nights. I have already told you how the power to handle the street cars at Milwaukee is sent from Kilbourn on overhead wires.

Only eighteen miles below Prairie du Sac is Tower Hill, where I have been playing at farming. With a petroleum product brought from somewhere in Pennsylvania, we manage to run the machinery that pumps the water, grinds the corn, puts the ensilage in the silo, saws the wood, and a little later, I hope, will separate the milk from the cream, churn the butter and do the washing for the farmer's wife. But all the while this mighty stream flows within a few yards of the imported gasoline product. The river might be brought upon the scene, and its power distributed all the way down, from Prairie du Sac to Prairie du Chien, doing all the churning, washing, the wood-sawing and the lighting on every farm along the river banks. What a splendid possible application of reserve power, of unutilized energy! What fresh resources to man, what re-enforcements to civilization!

But the economic problem is no more inspiring, and much less perplexing, than the social problem. Note the social significance of these great triumphs along the waterways of the world.

The Kilbourn dam is owned and managed by a corporation, known as the Southern Wisconsin Power Company. The Prairie du Sac dam is controlled and owned by the Wisconsin River Power Company. Both companies have the same officers, and a few miles below Kilbourn, at Portage, the wires will meet and the joint power go on its way to haul street cars and light cities. I leave you to draw the inference as to who owns these rivers.

What power or right has Congress or State Legislature to guarantee to the city of St. Louis that for ninety-nine years it shall derive its use of this great force from an impersonal corporation? The pamphlet says that the stockholders are in Keokuk, Boston, New England, the East, Canada, England, Germany, France and Belgium, and that a Boston man is president.

I do not have to say, in this presence, that I respect the rights of property. I do not have to say, in this presence, that I regard capital as accumulated labor, and that I believe that the brain should receive its adequate reward, but I do submit, that when capital has had its ample return and when the brain invested is satisfied,—or finds its reward further on, when its claims are presented at a vastly higher court,—after all this is said and done, then, I say that no human corporation or man-made organization can be justified, at the courts of justice or at the centers of civilization, in creating a monopoly of these great forces. The ceaseless flow of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi is allied to the swing of the planets, and is as intimately connected with the creative forces of the Eternal as the sunrise and the sunset. This is not a question of economics; it is a question of social development. It is a question that goes farther; aye, it is a question of religion. With the Psalmist we confess that the "law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;" we study the movements of the stars and the tides, and we ask: Shall the tug of gravitation that pulls the water downward through the turbine wheels be withdrawn from the realm of religion and put into the department of economics and business, the destinies of which are to be determined in Wall Street, or some other center of capital and capitalized energy?

Every sermon is supposed to end in a spiritual application.

If I have not been dealing with a spiritual matter, if I have not given you material out of which a great sermon should be preached, I have failed in adequately presenting this great subject.

The spiritual analogies are not far to see.

Wordsworth has given us three poems on the Yarrow, a Scotch brook, "The Yarrow Unvisited," "The Yarrow Visited," and "The Yarrow Re-visited."

Were Wordsworth to come back and witness the subsequent harnessing of the Yarrow! I do not know whether it has been done or not, perhaps there still waits the Scotch engineering skill that will harness to the needs of man the little brook which sang lessons of religion to the poet. Such a second re-visiting of the Yarrow ought to inspire a poem still more heavily laden with appreciation and gratitude, with reverence and humility, than characterized the classic poems of Wordsworth.

The Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers have to a degree stirred the imaginations of the poets of today, and appealed to the emotions of the devout. As the Wisconsin River touched me twenty-two years ago, it appealed to me as a blind, unappreciated force in Nature, extra-human, or sub-human, but today it appeals to us, if we have the necessary imagination, as a revelation of the near God, a present Potency. Taking as a starting point the poem of the First Genesis, admitting that the Lord completed His work in the first six days and rested on the seventh, standing on the unfinished wall of that water power at Prairie du Sac, I said to my companions, "The eighth day of work in Creation

is still going on. The unfinished task given to man by the Father of all, to complete and conquer the earth, is still going on.

"Creative evolution" is the last phrase of philosophy. Bergson, Eucken and others are busy interpreting the universe, not as a static, but as a moving living force. It is not an established fact, but a flowing agency. Creation is not yet finished, the world is in the making, and we here catch man more or less undevoutly lending himself to the eighth day work of creation—not yet completed.

"The idle river!" No, the busy river hereafter, the ever-increasingly busy river. And what a suggestion it is of the unutilized forces lying all around us.

Dropping for a while the thought of the rivers, though I am loath to, there are other streams, turbid streams, loaded like the Mississippi, with debris, the wash of clayhills, decaying forests and rocky mountains. Rivers of mud and sand where turtles and reptiles swim lazily within their beds; but there are in these rivers also, unutilized potencies that will, at our asking, help the farm woman do her washing.

Illinois was recently lifted for a few brief moments, thanks to the newspapers, into national interest. It stood for a few days in the limelight, last summer, when I was away and did not keep very close track of the news. What was Illinois doing? Why, Illinois, timidly and haltingly, took forty "trusties" out of the Joliet prison and put them into camp near Dixon and gave them the privilege of making a better piece of road for civilization to travel thereon. Just that, and the nation stood up and took notice.

In round numbers there are perhaps 100,000 convicts within prison walls in the United States, rotting away, physically and mentally, withering under the artificial and inadequate life. What of this unutilized force, this unharnessed, non-productive river of life, which is now confined between iron bars; this immense potency which the spiritual engineers of society are perfectly persuaded might be utilized. A few of these convicts are at work, here and there, building Prairie du Sac dams; thus are we beginning to conserve these neglected forces, and may in due time release them to do the work of the world.

Think again of that other mountainous waste which I can never preach a sermon, without referring to. In round numbers four or four and a half millions of the picked men, of the Nations which boast of civilization, are today idly languishing or lounging in military camps, lying there in the interest of the wars which it is proposed never to allow. Even *this* most pacific of nations expends seventy per cent of its revenue in destructive engineering. Think of it, what an oasis of beauty we can create in the time to come when we may use this unutilized power.

In the latest encyclopaedia in my library an article on "Water Power" says, that between 1822 and 1904, eighty-three years, what it calls thirty-five great water power plants, have been achieved in the United States, and these represent an aggregate of 300,000 horse power. The achievements of eighty-two years have been paralleled by the one achievement at Keokuk, for it happens that the figures are the same,—300,000 horse power—300,000 in the eighty-two years preceding 1904 and 300,000 in the one great dam on the Mississippi.

Shall I touch upon the additional waste of energy, worse than the waste that has flowed unheeded to the sea from St. Paul to New Orleans, from the head waters of the Wisconsin river to Prairie du Chien,—the awful waste of the seven thousand saloons in Chicago, the more prodigious waste of the whiskey and rum bills of the nation? I shall not weary you by trying to measure the nasty, debilitating waste in the mind-befogging and brain-racking consumption of tobacco; the silly waste that depletes pocketbooks and degrades minds in the extravagances of dress. These all come within the scope of those who would study our wasted energies. Some day or other, and that not far off, there will be reared, in the State of Illinois from town to town and at last in Chicago, then finally in the nation, a Keokuk dam that will be adequate to hold back the greed and lust of man, and prevent the awful waste that is represented by the inebrieties of the saloon. It is a matter for social engineering, it is a question of utilizing social power.

Father Matthew, singlehanded and alone, re-enforced by the Cross, went through Ireland and converted drunken thousands into sober working men, who, on bended knees, with eyes on the Cross and hand on the heart, vowed to free themselves from the awful scourge. The time has come when a greater than Father Mattthew, by co-operation, such as is represented at Keokuk and Prairie du Sac, will reinforce the individual will with the power of law,—which is only solidified and organized intelligence and conscience. Such combinations will put an end to the damning saloon and the fearful corruptions connected therewith.

But there were plenty of sentimental newspaper men and as sentimental women resorters, who raised anguished hands to heaven at the suggestion of a dam at Kilbourn, the harnessing of the beautiful river at The Dells. There yet remain those who moan that a part of the mighty Niagara flow, that eternally pours over the rocks, should be spoiled by forcing it into the turbines that move the street cars of Buffalo.

O, for a new Wordsworth to sing us a new poem of the harnessed Niagara! If I could, I would harness the last gill of water that pours over the rocks of Niagara; I would turn the whole stream into the turbines, only so that they be turned for the benefit of all God's children, not for the benefit of some corporation that has got a corner on Niagara Falls.

O, there is beauty in this harnessing of Nature; there is beauty as well as inspiration in this conquering of her forces. To him that overcometh will be given power.

We are standing, are we not, at the very threshold of tremendous achievements on these lines? The steam engine, the steamboat, aye, the achievements of telegraphy, all pale and grow small in the presence of the glimpse of that new power that is already sending its messengers through the wireless air, outspeeding the submarine wires and transcending their usefulness in many ways.

And now the air waits for its driver, its conqueror. The coming chief of the air is not the eagle that flies from mountain peak to mountain peak, but it is the seagull which is safe at home on land, in water or in air, and commands its locomotion in any of the elements. Man is on the eve of these great triumphs, these great achievements.

Shall I hint of the new sources of power that are paralleling these triumphs of Nature?

I love to tell of how, on "Tower Hill," which was once "Shot Tower Hill," the lead mined twenty miles away was brought over the hills with long ox teams, and there melted and fused and dropped through a shaft 200 feet deep so that it might fall below in globules to deal death to man and beast. This was sixty years ago and more,—now, the life-giving water is brought up through that shaft by the winds and distributed by gravitation through mains into all our cottages, the munitions of death being overruled by the ministrants of life.

O, the new source of power! I caught a story in the morning paper that thrilled me. Nine years ago a little Greek boy was selling fruit in the congested Loop district, nine years ago a Greek lad was battling for life; today, he is away over the seas for further studies, a graduate of the Illinois State University, a post-graduate of Cornell, and now off for another year in Germany, and after that he has the choice given him of a professorship in a home institution in Greece, or an important place in the cabinet of the Government.

Is he the only boy on Halsted street that contains unrendered forces waiting to be developed and harnessed to the service of civilization?

There has been much fun poked at the line in Grey's Elegy, which speaks of the "mute, inglorious Miltons." Perhaps a Milton cannot be suppressed by circumstances, but you and I know how often, oh, how often, the great possibilities represented by the Greek boy on Halsted street have been defeated for want of adequate social engineering.

When I was a boy in the village school I knew as neighbor a poor cripple doomed to drag through life one leg after him, a physical burden and a spiritual humiliation, for he was very sensitive.

A few months ago I was asked to go and speak a word over the coffin that contained the poor crippled body of that patient boy. The body was brought back from North Dakota; the Governor of the State accompanied it; a delegation of the Bench and Bar was there. It was the funeral of the honored and mourned Chief Justice of the new State of North Dakota. He had held that position for more than eight years and had helped to rightly establish that new State on progressive and humanitarian lines. On the way to the funeral the delegation was joined by one, who is still my neighbor and companion at Tower Hill, the old teacher, who was the principal of what was then a model country academy, one of those pioneer institutions that have gone out in the interest of a more elaborate, if not more effective, system of education. The teacher remembered, on that funeral day, how one chilly day, he found a little boy, who had come from a farm up in the bluffs three and a half miles away, with his slate and his books, standing haltingly in the vestibule. He said to the sympathetic teacher, "There is a force almost irresistible that tells me to go home. I don't know whether to come in or run away." The teacher, with a gentleness that we all love, put his hand on the lad's shoulder and said, "Dave, come in. You will do well." And how well he did! I know and you ought to know, how, if that boy had received a shove outward, instead of a pull inward, he might have gone back, and have died the dear, gentle, shy, untrained "Dave" Morgan. Now, the State of North Dakota is considering how it can adequately show its appreciation in monumental marble for their first great Chief Justice, the humble David Morgan.

Oh, the forces of Nature that are about us undeveloped. Friends, take to heart the stories of the Greek apple peddler on South Halsted street and the lame farmer boy from Big Hollow—"Big Hollow" is what they called the home of the farmer boy who came along a year or two after I left the school. There are many more such boys waiting the harness.

My subject is "Reinforcements, or Fresh Sources of Energy." There is truth at the heart of all these New Thought and Christian Science movements. The limitations and the exclusions of those movements I deplore, but I would be untrue to all my convictions and all my contentions if I were not as willing to recognize the mighty potency of the truths they represent, which, as I understand it, are the unutilized resources of the mind, the unappreciated energies of will, the unharnessed forces of the spirit, which await more and still more development, not by exclusion, but by inclusion, not by denials, but ever more and more affirmations. "Out of our stony griefs Bethel we raise," out of our limitations, triumph will come; out of our pains, blessed pains, heaven-pointing pains, we come to power and growth and strength.

What means this talk of the Montessori method? What charming, almost mind-blinding suggestions come to us from Harvard College and from Leland Stanford in the prodigy developments reported. The professors tell us there is no "prodigy" here, nothing remarkable in these children, only the wise handling, the more scientific releasing of power, the better mental engineering.

I must mention one more new source of power.

The Historical Commission of Wisconsin, authorized by the State to print from time to time monographs of the war, have decided to print entire, without change, the diary of "Jenk L. Jones, Private of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery," a boy who left the farm a beardless youth, and for three years, by a combination of circumstances, was able to keep a record, which by a still more mysterious combination of circumstances beyond his control, have been preserved. The camp and battle-stained pages, fast fading into obscurity, have been rewritten and ultimately are going to be printed by the State of Wisconsin. I have been reading them over in proof—I never have read them through before,—much of them never interested me, and I never had the heart to look far into them, but I have already come upon four glow-points in the story of that private. First, when lying a fever-smitten recruit, a woman came down the aisle in the hospital and called the boy bad names; she said he was a "good-for-nothing, little boy," or he would not have remained in that dirty shirt without protesting, and she tore the fever-laden shirt from his back and slipped him into an ample nightgown, big enough for a two hundred and fifty pound man, and he weighed about a hundred and ten.

Another point, months after, that same woman followed us to the camp at Huntsville, Ala. She came with a mule team, a colored driver, and a lumber wagon from which she distributed to the boys with her own hands bunches of onions and carrots and a cabbage once in a while.

Still another time, I came upon a record in this boy's

diary which said that he had walked to the station to meet the hospital train going North, and had there met the same woman and shaken hands with her, and again he blessed her.

Once more there is a record of how this woman and three or four others rode up at dress parade, to see the boys, and the private wrote that "while before the boys marched carelessly and awkwardly, after the woman came they straightened up and every boy kept step, because the woman was looking on." "It is rumored," the boy says in his diary, "that one of this company of women is a young lady from Wisconsin." No name, he didn't know who she was, but there was the touch of the woman again who at Corinth turned the chance that seemed to balance between life and death, in the interest of life; who at Huntsville drove back the scurvy, and who again came, and straightened up the boys and inspired them to touch elbows and keep step, and yet once more brought the blessing of homelife by just a touch of her hand. That woman was Mother Bickerdyke!

Now, we are just on the eve of harnessing this mighty woman power to the interest of the State. Illinois, in an unexpected moment and imperfect vision has summoned up her reserves, this great resource, a million and a half of woman voters. God grant that they may be wise. May they prove sisters of Mother Bickerdyke, bringing health and vigor to fever-smitten society, giving health and vitality to the scurvy-threatened community, causing careless men to straighten up, to touch elbows, to heed the music and to march in the line of reform and progress.

Welcome, thrice welcome, this new Keokuk dam that has at last brought to effective power the women of Illinois.

One last point I must make. The water at Prairie du Sac is as full of power and vitality as though it had never turned a wheel at Kilbourn City, and every drop of the Wisconsin at Prairie du Sac hurries on and is ready for duty at Keokuk. That water which comes within my own view at Tower Hill today has moved the turbines at Kilbourn, again at Prairie du Sac, and will go on to turn the wheels at Keokuk, and it will be there still on its way to New Orleans, waiting to be harnessed as many times as man's needs demand. What has been the terror of these Western rivers is to become a friend. Oh, the mighty havoc in Ohio last spring that so devastated the cities and destroyed life! Better engineering would have saved every gallon of that water and would have had it on hand to light the cities which it deluged, to turn the wheels of the mills it undermined.

What are we here at the Lincoln Centre for? We are here to build a power house of the spirit that will conserve energies and direct all the forces that gather under these walls, dedicated to the memory of the great social engineer, Abraham Lincoln. We are here to build the dam that will direct to utility and usefulness many possibilities that otherwise might curse us and blight our children and their posterity. I speak the words of hard, sober history when I say that the accumulated fortunes of today for want of proper engineering, not only defeat repeatedly the purposes of those who in wisdom and diligence accumulated them, but blight and curse those whom they were intended to bless. There is nothing more dangerous in the Western landscape as a source of deluge and destruction than the unharnessed river. There is nothing more dangerous in the social fields of Chicago than the misdirected uses of capital, whether that capital be of minds or of dollars, whether it be today's human energy in the form of labor, or the counters of the human energy of yesterday represented in bank stock.

Friends, we are here to build new dams, to conserve wasted energies and to direct the forces that will make for the triumphs of man. We are just beginning the eighth day work of Creation. We are, to carry out the commission which the poet says came to Adam, to multiply, to control the animals, to direct the forces of Nature and fertilize the fields.

This is my first word for the New Season. It is for you and me together to finish this sermon, to make the application during this short, but altogether glorious opportunity of another year at Abraham Lincoln Center, which today we begin and which will count for the season of 1913-14. From the first of October to about the middle of June is my working day here, and I am afraid it is a good measure of the working days of most of you here.

Let us work while the day lasts, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.

Lead us, strengthen us, inspire us, Father, to do the work that lies ready for us to do, and to go forth from this place with renewed courage, drawing on the new resources ever at hand, that we may be better workers in Thy vineyard, more grateful children of All Souls Church, better supporters of the Abraham Lincoln Center. Amen.

A FARMER'S THANKSGIVING

Let us give thanks that we have earned our bread,
Our daily bread—and robbed no man thereby;
Let us give thanks that many mouths are fed,
Fed with our corn and wheat and oats and rye;
Let us give thanks for strength to do our work,
That work which makes the desert as the rose,
Which brings the harvest up from muck and murk,
Making a poem of earth's dullest prose;
For sun and rain by which this beauty grows,
Let us give thanks!

Let us give thanks for minds that know repose,
Repose that comes to honest weariness;
Let us give thanks for sleep the worker knows,
Who toils his best—and brings no soul distress;
For hearts unfretted and for horny hands,
For sinews great and calm, unfearing eyes,
For good brown earth and wide and fecund lands,
For science ever making us more wise,
For hearth and home and all the rest we prize,
Let us give thanks!

For peace of soul—which money never buys,
For freedom in a world which is not free,
For God's outdoors and overarching skies,
For all the season's changing mystery,
For life and love that comes to me and thee,
Let us give thanks!

Farm and Fireside. —*Berton Braley.*

The old battleship *Oregon,* which in the Spanish War steamed round Cape Horn to join the ships before Santiago, will head the procession of vessels that will pass through the Panama Canal when it is formally opened. And as the old ship passes through the ribbon of water that connects the oceans, Rear Admiral Clark, now retired, who commanded the vessel on its famous run, will stand on the bridge.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE HOME

Helps To High Living

SUN.—**Be of such courage that thou mayest prepare thy heart to suffer.**
MON.—**Thou shalt more easily endure suffering if by habit thou art prepared unto.**
TUES.—**Remember on every occasion to apply this principle: that though this be a misfortune, to bear it nobly is good fortune.**
WED.—**Happy is he whom truth by itself doth teach.**
THURS.—**As if the liturgy or the chapel were sacred and not justice and humility, the loving heart and serving hand.**
FRI.—**If the truth shall have made the free thou shalt not care for the vain words of man.**
SAT.—**I had rather feel compunction than know the definition thereof.**

—Thomas a' Kempis.

THE THANKFUL SPIRIT

One morning in November,
When skies were drear and gray,
A happy little stranger
Threw sunshine on my way.
He waved his hand in greeting
As he came down the road,
And smiled a smile so winning
That I forgot my load.

"I am the Thankful Spirit,"
He said, and smiled again;
"I travel far in autumn,
And sing amid the grain.
When harvest-time is over,
I fill the world with cheer,
Till all men join in praising
The bounties of the year."

Then to the Thankful Spirit
I spake what filled my heart:
"When harvest praise is given,
Why do you then depart?
Why not sit down and tarry
While seasons come and go,
And make each day Thanksgiving?
It would be better so."

And straightway came the answer:
"I fain would tarry here;
I would not be a stranger
Who comes but once a year.
If you will make me welcome
Beside you at your hearth,
Our daily feast, I promise,
Shall be the best on earth."

Youth's Companion. *—John Clair Minot.*

The Panama Canal

Sitting in his chair in the White House on Friday, October 10, President Wilson pressed an electric button. About thirty seconds later a roar that could be heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific announced that the Gamboa dike had been blown in the air, and that the waters of the two oceans were rushing together in the Panama Canal.

Nothing so spectacular as this event has happened in the history of the building of the enormous ditch, spectacular as the whole work has been.

Preparations had been made by boring more than 1,000 holes in the great dike. Into these holes charges of dynamite weighing from eighty to 100 pounds were inserted. In all forty tons of the powerful explosive were used.

Thousands of sightseers from all over the world thronged the Isthmus. Colonel George W. Goethals, to whose wonderful ability the success of the project is due, arrived on the scene at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. At one minute of 2 silence fell on the great crowd.

The telegraph operator at the Isthmus flashed word to Washington that the line was open. The President was waiting in the office with which the direct line had been connected. At 2 o'clock he leaned forward as if he were only summoning a bell-boy, and pressed the tiny electric button. Four thousand miles down the coast flashed the eletcric current and practically instantaneously the great crowd at the dike heard a roar like thunder from under the earth, felt a violent shake, saw a sharp flash, and far up the slope saw a mass of earth hurled 200 feet in the air. A tremendous wave seven feet high burst through the dike, through the earth and smoke, and tore into the cut.

It was a dramatic moment. Cheers broke from the crowd, and the shrieks from the whistles of the steam shovels, locomotives and dredges made a deafening uproar.

In less than one minute from the time he had touched the button the message flashed back to President Wilson that the waters of Gatun Lake were rushing into the famous Culebra Cut. He sent back a telegram containing his warm congratulations to Colonel Goethals.

The awestruck spectators watched the stream of water widening its passage through the shattered wall of earth. Soon a few daring canal workers, who had been hovering about the lake in canoes and launches, turned the noses of their little crafts into the gap and traveled through.

The Panama Canal was open. After centuries of planning and years of effort by both the Spanish and French governments and engineers, the United States engineers had overcome all of the difficulties that had overcome others, and cut their way clear through from one ocean to the other—the greatest engineering feat the world has ever seen accomplished.

All boys should remember the historic date—October 10, 1913.—*Boy's Life.*

The "Air" and "Atmosphere" That Make a Home

In her "Tower Room Talk" in the December *Woman's Home Companion* Anne Bryan McCall writes in part:

"What sort of homes do we provide for our own and other people's children? How worth while and valuable are they? I do not mean to inquire into the kind of furniture we have nor the color schemes nor anything of the sort. I would speak rather of some higher loveliness. For the 'air' and 'atmosphere' and that more spiritual loveliness which make a place truly a home are not to be had from old china and furniture, but rather from old strengths and ancient virtues, not forms fashioned from the best and most expensive woods, beautiful mahogany, dark oak and rosewood, in gracious lines, but costly love, beautiful reasonableness and sacrifice."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

FIRST UNITARIAN MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, IN BOSTON

The first Unitarian Missionary Conference, in Channing Hall on November 11th and 12th, was a somewhat daring innovation. In view of the habitual abstention of Unitarians from foreign missionary endeavor, and the prevailing opinion among them that foreign missions are more or less of an impertinence, as well as a waste of effort and money, it was audacious to invite them to a serious and systematic consideration of this subject in the light of recent information and developments, and to attempt to impress upon them their denominational and personal responsibility in this cause.

The meetings, while justifying the faith and zeal of those who initiated them, yet showed by the small attendance of ministers and laity that the Unitarian body is as yet not generally or vitally interested in the foreign extension of its gospel, and still maintains its essentially provincial and self-centered attitude of mind in religious matters. But this by no means discourages the leaders in this new departure in liberal Christian activities. They feel sure that they have initiated a movement of the greatest importance to our Unitarian churches, and full of the promise of usefulness in the mission field itself. It may take some years longer to persuade the average liberal of the necessity and value of this participation of large minded and progressive thinkers and workers in foreign endeavors, but a considerable number of the most thoughtful and earnest of the liberal clergy and laity are already convinced of its desirability, and are expressing an interest, an enthusiasm, which is most gratifying and hopeful. Think of a cause which is advocated by such laymen as ex-President W. H. Taft, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Hon. Horace Davis, Milton Reed, Edward D. Mead and Professor Christie, and such clergymen as Reverends Dr. F. G. Peabody, Dr. J. T. Sunderland, Dr. S. A. Eliot, Dr. F. C. Southworth, Dr. Charles F. Dole, Dr. S. M. Crothers, Dr. J. H. Crooker, Dr. Lee S. McCollester, Lewis G. Wilson, W. I. Lawrance, Thomas Van Ness, Dr. E. M. Wilbur, Minot Simons, H. G. Smith and A. Rihbany, not to mention twenty or more of our younger ministers! Such an array of witnesses testifies to the worth and importance of this movement and assures its continuance. Any doubts as to this would have been dispelled by listening to the admirable addresses and discussions at the late Conference.

Prof. Kirsopp Lake, of the University of Leiden, Holland, opened with an interesting presentation of the progressive spirit and methods of St. Paul and his apostolic companions in the planting of Christianity, and found surprising parallels to it in present-day religious conditions in the missionary field.

Prof. F. G. Peabody in a fine and philosophical paper pointed out that Christianity was the world's need, but it must be a Christianity in harmony with the insight and intellectual and moral demands of the present day, and one carefully adjusted to the special racial and religious traditions and conceptions of the people to whom it should be presented.

Dr. C. H. Patton, of the American Board, gave a truly inspiring world-view of the cotemporary work of foreign missions, and vindicated them from some of the charges ignorantly and recklessly brought against them. Dr. S. A. Eliot portrayed the current attitude of Unitarians towards this question and pointed out its legitimacy, but felt that the time had come for a change in our relations as a body to the foreign extension of our principles.

Dr. Crooker brought his God-speed to the new departure. Prof. M. Anesaki, of the Royal University of Tokio, Japan, made a keen analysis of missionary methods in the Far East, holding that the real issue now was less whether Buddhism or Shintoism or Christianity should be in the ascendent, but whether the new generations should be idealistic or materialistic, individualistic or social, ethical or anarchist. The missionary most needed is one who could help solve these questions, and since this doubt and disbelief had mainly come to the Orient from the West, should not the West aid the Orient in overcoming it?

Rev. Lee S. McCollester, Dean of the Theological School of Tuft's College, gave a clear cut trenchant address on the theological changes brought about at home and abroad by modern science and scholarship and their influence on missions. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, made a powerful plea for missions based largely on his personal observation during a recent world tour. He also indicated the ways in which Unitarians could be especially helpful in the mission field and do a unique and needed work.

Rev. Charles F. Dole gave a well reasoned and earnest address in which he showed most conclusively why Unitarians must now forsake their traditional attitude of reserve and indifference towards foreign missionary work, and do their unique and just part in the world's uplifting.

Brief addresses followed in which the Japan Unitarian Mission was represented by Rev. W. I. Lawrance, the Universalist Mission by Dr. A. W. Peirce, and a ringing word of approval of the Italian work of Mr. Conte was spoken by Rev. Louis C. Cornish, a recent visitor to that country. Dr. Charles W. Eliot, whose interest in this subject led him to attend one of the sessions, took part in the discussion, and described the readiness of the educated Oriental mind to receive religious impressions, and its pathetic eagerness to find solutions for its ethical and spiritual problems.

Rev. W. C. Bowie, Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, gave a most encouraging account of the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals and its meetings last summer in Paris. Rev. C. W. Wendte pointed out the opportunities for Unitarian service in China, India, Bulgaria, Syria and other lands, and outlined the proposed World Theistic Congress. He also referred to Dr. J. T. Sunderland's journey around the world in the interest of our foreign relations, and to Dr. MacCauley's endeavors in the same cause. Rev. Thomas Van Ness treated of the practical measures necessary to awaken the Unitarian body to a sense of its opportunity and duty in this matter.

We have not referred to the free discussions led by Rev. Abraham Rihbany, Rev. W. H. Ramsay and others, which often proved enlightening. Altogether the speaking was of a high order and the spirit of the meeting was ardent, even enthusiastic. The devotional services and singing of spirited hymns added to the effectiveness of the occasion. It was felt that the Conference was in the best sense of the word a success.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland having finished his Japan visit is now in China, and will go thence to the Philippines and Ceylon. Rev. Clay MacCauley also has been on a flying journey to China. After visiting Tsien-tsin and Pekin, Hankow and Shanghai he sailed for Japan. He writes: "China is a sad land now. I hope that a new China is coming to birth; but the China that is, is pathetic. Squalor, ignorance, superstition, greed, and corruption on all hands."

C. W. WENDTE, D. D.

Boston, Mass.

$53,000.00

BEING GIVEN AWAY

to those who act as the local representatives of **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE** and **THE DELINEATOR**—all in addition to liberal commissions. Let us show you how you can

Secure a Share

simply by forwarding the subscriptions of your friends and neighbors and collecting the renewals of our present subscribers. Try for THIS month's prizes. There are lots of prizes that can be won only by persons living in towns same size as your own. Write at once to the

BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Butterick Building, New York City

GREGG SHORTHAND

holds the world's record for accuracy—**99.6% perfect**—made by Mr. Charles L. Swem on solid non-court matter. On court testimony, Mr. Swem wrote **268 net words per minute**—only one word below the previous world's record.

Gregg Shorthand is the **easiest system** to learn and by far the most efficient in practice. It is taught in over 2,000 schools because with it students can obtain more satisfactory results in a given time than is possible with any other system.

START NOW—Day and Evening Sessions

Gregg School is the largest school in the world devoted entirely to shorthand training.

Let us send you a catalog. Write for a copy to-day, or, better still, call personally and note for yourself the many advantages enjoyed by our students.

GREGG SCHOOL
Telephone Central 3739
32 S. Wabash Avenue **Chicago, Ill.**

HOSPITALS FOR SMALL TOWNS

In the December *Woman's Home Companion* Charlotte A. Aikens writes an article entitled "The Small Town and Its Hospital." The editor of the *Companion* precedes the article with the following note:

"Here is an idea for public-spirited citizens: At Christmas time, when all the world is giving gifts to their nearest and dearest, why not join together in

A Veritable Human Document

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING WOMAN
By ADELHEID POPP
With Introduction to American Edition By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

An impressive account of the struggles of a woman who undertakes to earn her own livelihood. Will be read with interest by all who are concerned with the great problem of the woman toiler.

Dr. Jones says in his Introduction:

Here is the story of a "working woman" who has felt the bitterness of hard, unrelenting toil, and out of the agony of such a life has been brought into sympathy with the Gospel side of co-operation. It is a book that ought to find a place among the religious books on the center-table of the rich.

With portraits, 12mo. $1.25 net, $1.35 Postpaid
Of All Booksellers, or
F. G. BROWNE & CO.
Publishers, Chicago

THE ARYAN

The Hindu Paper of Canada

Published at 630 Speed Avenue
VICTORIA, B. C.

Send your subscription and write for advertising rates to
S. SINGH, Managing Editor.

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Tel one Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873

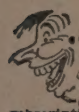
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue, CHICAGO

giving your town the Christmas present of a well-equipped hospital? Such a movement, once started, will find ready response. Some will give money, others will give work—you will need both. But everyone will give something, and it is this spirit of good will that makes the founding of such a valuable public institution particularly appropriate to Christmas."

Following is an extract from the article:

"Already the rural hospital, the well-equipped, successful hospital in the small town or village, has arrived in some localities and is coming in a great many others. Many of the reasons which have led to the establishment of hospitals in larger cities apply with equal force to small towns. There are a large number of homes in the country which are unsuitable for the care of the sick. The farmer's wife has usually her hands so full with her daily duties that the care of a case of severe illness in the home becomes a strain to which she is unequal. Then in every community there are accidents from machinery, and injuries from building operations, and such things as really need the best possible provision. Appendicitis is not at all confined to city people, and every rural locality can count up a considerable number of cases which have resulted fatally when, if they had been within easy reach of a local hospital, a timely operation would have saved a life. Pneumonia has a long list of victims in every country, and statistics tell us that typhoid fever is more prevalent in country towns and rural communities —according to the population—than in large cities.

"The great difficulty of securing suitable domestic help in homes of all kinds has had considerable influence on the establishment of small hospitals. After all, a hospital is just a sort of co-operative enterprise which makes housekeeping for the sick easier and the best modern methods of treatment can therefore be much more easily obtained."



A MAGAZINE of LAUGHTER

THE FUNNIEST OF ALL THE FUNNY MAGAZINES
Brimful of wholesome wit and humor. Join the campaign for One Million subscribers by sending 25 CENTS in Coin for One Year or five(5) separate subscriptions for $1.00. Foreign sub'ns, 25 cents extra.
THOMPSON'S MAGAZINE, Dept , 328 Federal St., Chicago

The Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PA.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalog address, The Registrar, Meadville Theological School

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

40 Miles. See Chicago Parks and Boulevards
SIX PASSENGERS FOR $10.00

High-Class Touring Cars

AUTOMOBILES AT REASONABLE RATES
FOR ALL PURPOSES
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Phones
Douglas 3268
Automatic 79-806

OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
826 EAST 39th STREET

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill., Orland, Ill., Goodings' Grove, Ill.

Dowd Pure Milk Co.

4326-34 Wabash Ave.

Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the Highest Grade Bottled in the Country.

OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness, and Efficient Delivery

FREE BOOKS

By Emanuel Swedenborg,
"Heaven and Hell," 624 pages;
"Divine Providence," 605 pages;
"Four Leading Doctrines," 593 pages;
"Divine Love and Wisdom," 598 pages.
Sent to any address on receipt of postage, 6 cents per book or 24 cents for the set.

THE AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY
3 W. 29th St., New York City.

The Subscription Price of
UNITY
is $2.00 per annum

A UNIVERSAL CREED

The modern world thinks in terms of the universal.

I. A Universal Father—GOD.
- God gave origin to all men.
- God's attitude toward all men is that of love.
- Origin and love constitute fatherhood.

II. A Universal Brotherhood — MANKIND.
- All men are children of the same Father.
- All men are fundamentally fraternal.
- Descent and fraternity constitute brotherhood.

III. A Universal Motive—LOVE.
- All men are not motived by fear or hope of reward.
- All men are motived by love.
- And God is motived by love.

IV. A Universal Right—FREEDOM.
- Freedom is the priviledge to be and do good.
- God desires that all men attain the highest good.
- All men can attain the highest good through individual freedom.

V. A Universal Aim—PROGRESS.
- Mans aim is fundamentally the development of character.
- God's aim is fundamentally the evolution of human character and thus the evolution of all creation.

This creed broke from my soul the shackles of orthodoxy, and I am now a free man.

Curtis Williford Reese, D.D.
First Unitarian Church, Alton, Ill.

JONES DAIRY FARM Sausage

FOR SALE BY

BLACK BROS.
1541 East 53rd St.
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Ave.
H. F. EGGERS,
55th & Madison
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th St.
MARCHANT & ERICH
358 East 31st St.
ROSENHEIM MARKET HOUSE
1332 E. 47th St.
SPITZ BROS.
113 E. 31st St.
TEBBETTS & GARLAND
2111-2117 Michigan Ave.
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd St.

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN
DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING
N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

FONGER'S Sanitary Bakery

Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Removal Notice

FORCED TO MOVE

The building which we now occupy will be torn down January 1, 1913. We have secured the entire building at 24 West Lake street, near State, where we are permanently located. However, we shall continue to operate this store at 24 North Wabash until December 31.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager

Free Reading!

Unitarian sermons sent free on application to MISS ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Sumner St., Lawrence, Mass.

The Subscription Price of

UNITY

is $2.00 per annum

Prompt Service

Best Workmanship

4532 St. Lawrence Avenue Phone, Drexel 1435